MUSSELS FIND MANY USES.

Some Facts About a Familiar Shellfish—At Its Best in the Spring —How to Cook Them.

Mussels are at their best in the spring. Mussels thrive in bays and inlets, on sandy bottoms, to which, and to one another, they attach by their byssus threads, these being slender filaments issuing from between the shells, says a New York writer. They are sometimes in great beds extending over a hundred acres, thousands of bushels of mussels being obtained in a single bed.

Fishermen go for mussels as soon as the ice is out of the bays in the spring, and sometimes when wind and weather are propitious they sandwich in a trip for mussels between the end of one fishing trip and the beginning of another. There are plenty of mussel beds within easy reaching distance of New York, and once on a mussel bed a load for a ten-ton sloop might be dredged up in a single tide.

So with good luck a fisherman could go to a mussel bed 20, 30 or 40 miles distant, and get a load of mussels, and be back in New York ready to sell them, all within two days.

The profit on the trip depends on what he gets for his catch. If there should be many boatloads of mussels in the market at the same time he would get less for them; but if he should happen to come in when mussels were scarce he would get more. If he got, say, $1.25 a barrel, about an average price, and he had from 50 to 75 barrels in his sloop and he had made a quick trip and disposed of his catch quickly there would be fair money in it.

But the fisherman takes chances in mussel fishing, just as he does in every other sort of fishing.

Fishermen sometimes eat mussels fried, but the great bulk of mussels consumed are pickled. The mussels are first boiled, and then picked out of their shells, and then what is called the beard, which consists of the inward ends of the byssus threads, is removed, and with it a little sac into which the mussel is likely to have drawn more or less sand. Then the mussels are put up in jars in pickle, with a few spices added. Pickled mussels have long been a familiar item of free lunch, and people buy them as well to carry home.

The mussel is a much cheaper shellfish than the oyster or the clam, but still it is not eaten to the same extent. There are people with whom the mussel does not agree, because of its rich flavor. But there are epicures who are fond of them, and who like to eat them occasionally, and so mussels may be found on the bills of fare of the finest restaurants.

Junkmen who go into the country buying junk sometimes take down their jangling bells and stow them away somewhere in the wagon and take into the country a wagonload of mussels, which they dispose of to farmers, trading the mussels, maybe, for junk.

Pickled mussels have been shipped from New York at least as far away as Chicago; so that, altogether the quantity of mussels disposed of in the Gotham market is considerable.

Novel Way to Kill Sharks.

The engineers in the British navy have a very effective way of killing sharks. They seal up a dynamite cartridge in an empty can, and put the can inside a large piece of pork. The pork is thrown overboard on a wire which has been connected with an electric battery. When the shark takes the bait the engineer presses a button, which explodes the cartridge and kills the fish.

A Beginner.

He—The airships do not seem to be perfected yet. The great problem is how can a man be kept up in the air?

She—Well, I saw you out horseback riding the other day, and it looked very much as if you were in the air most of the time!—Yonkers Statesman.

His First Attack.

She (toying with the ring)—And am I the first woman you ever loved?

He—No, indeed. At the early age of seven I thought seriously of eloping with my teacher.—Chicago Daily News.

LONG-WINDED ORATORS.

So a Texas Legislator Brought an Alarm Clock Into the House Which Is a Success.

The unusual sight of a mature and sedate member of the legislature standing on the floor of the house in the midst of its proceedings holding aloft a 15-cent alarm clock, decorated with blue ribbons, while the alarming department of the machinery was in a state of eruption, was witnessed the other afternoon, and the sight precipitated convulsions and confusion onu the part of the membership, while the pages shrieked wildly and turned somersaults in the aisles. J. J. Blount, of Anderson county, was the owner and operator of the clock and the originator of the idea that timepieces should be put to that use. He was deadly in earnest too, says the Dallas News.

Mr. Blount had on several occasions complained of the "wind-jamming" in the house and specifically of the fact that speeches of ten minutes extended beyond that time limit. This afternoon he showed up in the house with a brand-new clock. He informed those who questioned him about it that he intended to set the clock as each member rose to speak so that it would call time on him when the limit under the rules had been reached.

There were several speeches during the first hour and a half of the session, but it chanced that Curtis Hancock, of Dallas, was the victim of Mr. Blount's system. The Blanton pure food bill was under discussion. Mr. Hancock had offered an amendment to protect the retail grocers and was speaking to it. He was frequently interrupted with questions and there was frightful disorder, so much that the speaker (Mr. Hudspeth in the chair) ordered the sergeant-at-arms to clear the lobby. Just at this juncture and as Mr. Hancock was reaching the quitting point a strong "ting-a-ling" rang out above the din. Mr. Blount arose and held the timekeeper aloft in full view of the howling assemblage.

"Steamboats have schedules, so railroads have time cards, and the Twenty-ninth house of representatives must follow its rules," he declared. Mr. Hancock seemingly believed that he had been specially selected as the voctim of a practical joke, asserted with emphasis his right to be heard in the interest of the people whom he represented, and he scathingly denounced the spirit which it seemed prompted some members to perpetrate such pranks. His indignation and earnestness were such that the remainder of his speech was received in respectful silence. The lobby was not cleared.

AMERICAN OSTRICHES MANY

Four Farms in United States and Industry Is Reported Thriving Year by Year.

There are four ostrich farms in the United States and the two most important are situated in the Salt River valley, Arizona. The industry is carried on successfully in the Arizona climate and the birds seem to thrive quite as well as in their foreign habitat. Mr. Joseph Harbert, of Phoenix, imported 16 birds from South Africa in 1893, and placed them on his farm in the Salt River valley, a few miles from the city of Phoenix. A number of the birds died from the effects of the journey and the change of food and climate, and during the first years little progress was made. Their eggs were hatched in large incubators, and when the business of caring for them was learned it was found that the Salt River valley birds grew up to be several inches taller than the imported birds and the feathers are said to be of better quality. Gov. Alexander O. Brodie, of Arizona, takes great pride in the ostrich farming of his territory, and he has devoted considerable space to it in his last annual report, showing that he believes it will become in time one of the leading industries of that region. One bird will yield a pound of feathers at one clipping, and they are clipped every eight months. Some of the feathers are sold as high as $25 a pound in eastern markets, so it can be readily seen that it is an industry worth while. The ostrich population of the two farms near Phoenix is about 1,600.

BLOCKING OF PORT ARTHUR

Writer in Vigorous Description Tells of Perils of Japanese Before Doomed City.

This vigorous description is from "The Yellow War," by "O." The scene is the blocking of Port Arthur harbor by the Japanese vessels. "The officer in command of the doomed ship stood in front of the wheel with his eyes glued upon the deepening base of the black darkness in front of him. The increasing shadow betokened the land he was trying to make. The only light was the binnacle. The slow grind of the half-speed engines and the swirl of the displaced water was in itself sound enough to render almost unbearable the overpowering feeling of silence. Suddenly a great flood of light cleft the darkness ahead. It was so white and clear that the faces of the three men on the bridge looked pale and deathlike. The man at the wheel winced with the stroke—it was literally a stroke of light—but the officer only moved his head. They were and defeated their own ends; they had shown him the passage—half a point to starboard and the point was true.

"All was dark and dreadful again, but only for a second. A long meteorlike rocket shot up from the center of the overpowering mass ahead. Its sinuous course closed in a mass of sparks. The great beam of the Golden hill searchlight leaped into life. But there were other lights—lightning flashes from the breast of the mountain, flashes which seared the gloom and vanished. The forts of Port Arthur were firing the guns which at night are always trained upon the harbor approaches. The tumult was deafening. The great bare flanks of the mountains behind caught up the deadly roll of discharging quick firers and flung the sound back in mocking reverberation. But that was not the worst sound. The hissing rush of projectiles, the ear-splitting swish as they struck the water and exploded, or shrieked in ricochet overhead—the tension bred of apprehensive darkness had changed to an inferno of modern war.

"At last the Japanese officer gave evidence of sensibility to the hades which surrounded him. He had brought his ship far enough into the passage. He blew the whistle, which his teeth had bitten almost flat: "Port, had a port!" As her head came round a heavy shell hit her forward. Then another shock. It was as if an earthquake had struck her. Instantaneously the engines stopped. They were twisted out of all semblance to symmetry. A torpedo had struck her amidships. Again the whistle sounded. It was the order to take to the boat. . . . The ship was listing heavily. The officer shouted to his men in the boat. His foot was on the rail when the destroyer opened with its quick firer. A shell took him in the neck and shoulder and bursting on impact carried the brave man's head and brain away with it. His mutilated trunk fell forward among his anxious men.

"He was aboard. They pushed off and as they handled the oars they gave a cheer. Then they discovered that it was the warm, thick lifeblood of their chief and not the spume of the sea which had made them wet in the darkness."

Poor Johnnie.

Mose Chigley, a friend of the Sentinel living in Davis, and certainly a representative Indian of his tribe, a man always ready to appreciate the situation, was blessed a few months since with a male heir. The little fellow, however, did not arrive in time to get on the approved government rolls. This grieved the fond father not a little; in fact, he took it so to heart that he was determined in some way to commemorate lastingly the matter. He accordingly christened the portionless heir Johnnie No Land Chigley."—Paul's Valley (O. T.) Sentinel.

Smallest Installation.

What is said to be the smallest electric light installation in the world is to be found in the village of Bremen, near Dornbach, Thuringia. It comprises a single arc lamp installed in a church, the lamp being operated by a small dynamo driven by the wheels of the village mill.

WILL POWER AN ESSENTIAL

The Man Who Believes and Has Confidence in Himself Is He Who Succeeds.

What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who should surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time reading medical books? asks Orison Swett Marden, in Success. Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself into a law atmosphere, where he can absorb it and be steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be grafted into the legal tree so that he can feel its sap circulating through him.

How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who depreciates himself, talks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure—who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would anyone believe in him or expect him to win?

The majority of failures began to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry around a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

FIND TREASURE OF A KING

Hoard of Gold, Ivory and Precious Stones Lies Hidden in African Soil.

Treasure hunting continues to occupy the attention of many people in various parts of the world. A hoard of buried wealth not as well known as certain others is that supposed to have been secreted by Lobengula, king of the Matabele in South Africa, before he met his death at the hands of the British. This treasure is said to consist of gold, ivory and precious stones. It was brought into the limelight of public notice not long ago by the arrest of a Dutchman named John Jacobs. He arrived at Bulawayo, told something of his plans, was put into what they call the "goal" and has since been deported.

Lobengula succeeded his father as king of the Matabele in 1870 and boldly opposed European civilization. He made Bulawayo his capital. After the discovery of gold in his territory in 1872, Portugal, the Transvaal and Great Britain strove to win the supreme control over Lobengula's kingdom. In 1888 he signed a treaty with Great Britain, admitting her suzerainty. In 1893, provoked by the insolence of the British South Africa company, he attacked the English. He was terribly beaten. His capital was taken and in his flight he himself was killed.

John Jacobs, the treasure seeker, was a school-teacher. He claims to have been private secretary to King Lobengula and that in this way he learned where the treasure was hid. The Bulawayo authorities, however, discovered that he had a bad record. Hence his deportation. Jacobs is an elderly man, bearing evidence of long exposure to wind and weather. The treasure is still to be found.

Old Age and Late Hours.

A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of 80 have never gone to bed till after 12 at night.

BISON FIERCEST OF CATTLE

All of a Hunter's Skill and Nerve Is Needed When Tackling Such Big Game.

Called bison (incorrectly) in India, seladang in Malaya, siang in Burma, and gnudang in Siam, the gaur (Bos gaurus) is the largest and fiercest of all wild cattle, with hoofs small in proportion to its height, and of deerlike, rather than oxlike, character, says Outing. Its sense of smell is as acute as that of the elephant and its vision much keener. When you seek one of these cattle you need all your hunter's skill and your nerve, for, next to the elephant and bracketed with the Cape buffalo of Africa, I believe its natural temperament and the character of the country in which it is found make the seladang in the Malay peninsula the most formidable quarry on earth. In India, where the range of the gaur is the hilly, wooded districts, they are more apt to be found in herds of some size, and, because of the more dangerous sections, less difficult of approach, and less dangerous to the hunter than in the Malay peninsula, where the jungle is the densest that grows, and almost invariably the quarry has the man at a disadvantage. In Malay it is snap shooting, where the game, on being wounded, turns hunter, and, concealed, awaits the sportsman, who must approach with infinite caution, with senses always alert and hand ever ready if he would stop or turn aside the vicious charge. You may never in this jungle survey the field of operations from some vantage point; but in the close growing angle of vines, and canes, and thorn bushes, and heavy coarse weed of grass-like mass—through which you can never get even dim sight for over 20 yards and most of the time can scarcely see that many feet ahead—you must follow the tracks of the seladang you have wounded, never knowing at what instant the maddened beast may burst from the jungle practically right on top of you. One seladang I was fortunate enough to finally get was only just at the other side of a bamboo clump when he started his charge full at me. This is the dangerous and the unavoidable feature of hunting the beast in Malay. Luckily for the hunter, the seladang, if unsuccessful in its charge, passes on to await him at another point. Never have I heard of one turning instantly to a second charge after missing the hunter on the first rush. But, on the other hand, if the seladang charges home it remains to gorge its victim.

POTALA: A SACRED PALACE

Edifice of High Priest Photographed for the First Time Recently.

Potala, or the sacred place of the dalai lama, the high priest of the Thibetans, was photographed for the first time when the members of the British Thibetan expedition reached Lhasa, the sacred forbidden city in the center of Thibet, says the Metropolitan Magazine. Col. Younghusband, who was in charge of the expedition, would permit no attempt by the correspondents to violate the sanctity of the various sacred buildings, but splendid views of the exterior were obtained, and the world is richer by authentic descriptions of this wonderful palace, which is described in the dispatch of the London Times correspondent. Over a city set as a jewel, amid green gardens, through which crystal streams flowed, towered the giant Potala, rising almost from the ground in gigantic stretches of white masonry, pierced with intermingable rows of windows, and scaled by great, red-edged, zig-zag stairways, 20 feet wide. Above these a white mass ascended at either end in the shape of a heavily terraced palace, inclosing a maroon mass, the main building. Above this again were golden roofs of a Chinese pattern, the whole structure, 430 feet high and between 800 and 900 feet long, completely dominating the city of Lhasa, which was separated from the palace by wide stretches of turf and a beautiful plantation full of forest trees.

If You Don't Dig.

No one knows what a day will bring forth, but it is generally a pretty safe guess that it will be nothing.—Puck.

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE

Contractor Tells of an Exciting Experience in Crossing Stream in the West.

"To give you an idea of what sort of a river the Rio Grande is I'll tell you an experience that I had in getting across it with a derrick," said Raymond McDougall, a mining man from New Mexico, to a Milwaukee Free Press man. "I was a contractor in rock work in those days and was taking my derrick from the east side of the river to the Magdalenas. The derrick was on four wagon wheels and four mules were hauling it. I had my two helpers along and one of them drove the mules. He was an old timer, which was lucky, and if I had trusted to my own judgment I might have made a mistake that would have cost me my mules and derrick, if not my life.

"We reached the Rio Grande an hour before sundown and I saw a wide river bed, but no water—only dry sand from one bank to the other. It was a new kind of river to me, but my driver said that it was all right—that it was a way the Rio Grande had. The water was there, only it was flowing through the sands under the channel instead of in it. Being a tenderfoot was for camping on the nearer bank where the grass was good, but McCartney, the driver, said that would never do unless I was willing to take my chances of staying there a week or two; that water sometimes came down the channel, a good deal of it, and that it would be well to get across while we were sure that we could.

"We were starting across over the dry sands and I was thinking what an easy way it was of fording a river when of a sudden the two lead mules were floundering in a quicksand and the whole outfit came near being drawn in. We got the two leaders clear of the harness and the other two mules drew them out, one at a time. We hitched them up again and by making a long circuit got past the quicksand and to the other bank.

"By that time it was ten o'clock and the moon had risen. The mules had just begun to climb the bank when we heard a roaring noise up the channel. It came from a wall of water that stretched from bank to bank and was traveling toward us fast. It looked in the moonlight to be four feet high, and there was high water behind it sending it on. We didn't need to holler to the mules. They heard what was coming and clawed up the bank like cats.

"We got out all right, derrick and all—and there were not three minutes to spare. Before we had finished our supper the river bed was full bank high, with a torrent that eddied and roared as it rushed past our camping place as if it had been sorry to miss us and would like to get up where we were. There was not a cloud in the sky or a sign of rain anywhere and the flood may have come from a cloudburst in Colorado 200 miles away But it came near getting us.

"I had learned one lesson, and that was in traveling by wagon always camp on the farther side of the stream. And I had learned to put no trust in the Rio Grande."

Sixty-Ton Steel Rope.

The biggest rope ever used for haulage purposes has just been made for a district subway in Glasgow. It is seven miles long, 4¾ inches in circumference, and weighs nearly 60 tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of patent crucible steel. When in place it will form a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and will run at a speed of 15 miles an hour.

Size of Circus Rings.

Circus rings are always uniform in size, as circus horses are trained to perform in a standard ring 42 feet in diameter. In a larger or a smaller ring their pace becomes uneven, irregular and unreliable, and the riders in turning somersaults are liable to miscalculate the curve and miss their footing.

Argentina's New Industry.

During the last two years about 5,000,000 mulberry trees have been planted in Argentina, which has now about 10,000,000 of such trees. The production of raw silk will eventually become an important product of that country.